

To Have Decedents by xXDFXx

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Summary: Cosmic forces conspire to change the fundamental aspects of the creature known as IT. This is a Neutral Pennywise X oc. And will eventually lead to a Parent!wise with the losers club. Rated T because of gore and sexual suggestion

1. Chapter 1

Inspired by Stephen Kings IT and using oc's from mantisandthemoondragon's Monster Crush AU and An Emotion Bent out of shape AU. You can read her work over on Archive of Our Own

And hello-helianthus's *Thoughts on the Deadlights* which I am tweaking a bit. you can read that one on tumblr

Heads up this might be a slow burn, also gore and sexually suggestive stuff ahead. You have been warned.

Prologue

Something had changed inside of IT. From the moment IT had awoken IT had known that the balance had shifted. The old fool, the Turtle, had finally crawled into its shell and died! This revelation had filled IT with the deepest pleasure, for now IT knew that IT was truly the superior being in this universe. With this wonderful thought in mind IT had begun IT's first hunt of this cycle.

The child had been such an easy target! Why then?!

It was not fair! IT had slipped easily into IT's preferred shape, Pennywise the dancing clown. IT's hunger had been so great that when IT had started to talk to the boy IT had not been able to stop the drool from dripping from IT's lips. But, IT knew something was wrong as soon as the fear began to seep out of the child's pores. IT had never before feared to eat anything! Fear was not something that IT felt. But in the moment the child had reached for his paper boat IT knew that if IT were to eat of this human child's flesh IT would die! The scent was repellent and putrid, but why!?

IT decided to continued to play the role of the friendly clown. IT would wait. IT was very good at waiting, and IT would see if this affliction would pass. But deep within the core of IT's deadlights IT feared that this condition was now a fact of IT's existence.

The child, Georgie Denbrough had brought others soon to IT's attention. 7 others, 7 which was a number of power and with Georgie

that made 8; the number of infinity. The fear continued to eat away at IT's insides. Finally, IT made a decision, if IT could not have children, then it would hunt adults. It was more work, but, when IT caught the sent of fear coming from an adult, IT did not feel the danger, only the need to eat.

O_O

IT's first meal that cycle was IT's easiest catch. The human had come to IT's lair all on his own. The house on Neibolt street. A Derry Public Works man had gone there to fill his veins and his mind with sweet chemical dreams. With the man's mind so open and supple IT had found it easy to take on the form of a beautiful and seductive human female. IT lulled and relax the man, for IT had appeared naked, soft and inviting. IT had encouraged him to remove his clothes and lie down on the floor. With the human primed and ready IT then tapped into the dark and dreadful depths of this man's mind. The primal fears of his psyche! IT had grown claws and sharp teeth; the soft skin begun to rot and fall away. IT contorted it's form so that it's movements were now that of a spider! IT sprouted more rotted arms from it's body to hold the prey still. The human started to try to get up and run. IT's arms stretched beyond what was normal and held the man fast. From between IT's legs a barbed stinger protruded. The human saw this and began to scream in the most exquisite way. The sound and the scent pouring from the man made IT want to weep for joy! Wishing to eat sooner than later IT made ready it's final attack and positioned it's prey. Flipping the man onto it's belly and exposing the vulnerable spine.

One swift motion and IT stabbed it's prey, injecting him with a nerve toxin and severing his spinal cord. The human was now trapped in the last moment of his terror, unable to move or scream. IT quickly cocooned the meal and returned to the nest so that IT might feast in peace.

Satiated for a moment, IT rested in it's underground home and was finally able think clearly. What had changed inside of IT? There was now an urge, almost a compulsion to be around the young human children. They had attached themselves to IT in the few weeks that IT had known them. IT had felt moments of contentedness and peace in the children's presence that IT usually only felt when in IT's sleep. IT

wanted them close to IT but the smell and their behaviors felt wrong. IT let itself float in contemplation for many hours. Then as if from out of nothingness IT realized what had happened. The Turtle was gone! Yes IT knew this fact already, but now IT was beginning to understand the weight of this event. The balance was no longer being maintained. The old reptile had been a creator! That was the reason for it to exist! And IT had consumed. That was the order of the universe. But something had killed the old turtle...some **other** force. Now IT was alone, but that need to create had not died along with the old fool! The urge and power had migrated to the only other vassal that could contain such force! IT's deadlights!

There was just one problem, IT could not create life; IT only consumed it. Using the word that the child, Richie, liked to use to express himself a lot IT felt that at this moment, it encapsulated the total of how IT felt at that moment.

"Fuck"

2. Chapter 2

To Have decedents by cindy-df

Inspired by and using oc's from mantisandthemoondragon's Monster Crush AU and An Emotion Bent out of shape AU

And hello-helianthus's Thoughts on the deadlights which I am tweaking a bit.

Heads up gore and sexually suggestive stuff ahead. You have been warned.

This chapter kind of recaps the two chapters from Monster Crush AU

Chapter 1

There was someone new in Derry, IT had been able to feel the comings and goings of it's meat for centuries. IT had subconsciously known of every birth, death, emigration and immigration into it's game preserve. IT only learned the specifics of this new arrival when Georgie announced that his school teacher had been replaced by someone new.

The boy had been so excited and jubilant that Pennywise, for that was the form it took while around the young child and his friends, could not help but take an interest. The name of this new meat was Ms. Kerry. Georgie did not know her first name, only that it started with a B.

Georgie was, in a small way, responsible for this sudden replacement. Pennywise had taken it upon himself to investigate all the teachers of his new eight friends. It *was* Derry after all and IT could not help but know that because of IT's presence in the town there was more danger for the children than in a large metropolitan city. Georgie's second-grade teacher had been called away suddenly because of a family emergency. Her older brother, who lived with her, had gone missing right out of her home. Livingston had not been a suspect in the disappearance until the police found photos of Ms. Livingston's students and many other young children in various stages of undress.

The images looked to have been taken secretly in the school's washrooms. Now she was under investigation and it was unclear if she would be returning to teach at all.

Georgie's parents had decided not to tell their youngest son any details about the affair. They only began to impress upon him the importance of **not** using public washrooms.

This new teacher was young, very patient, encouraging, and didn't mind listening to anything that her students wanted to say. Georgie thought that she was as pretty as a princess. He showed off his work book to Pennywise, which had been corrected by his new teacher. There was a shiny sticker, and a handwritten message telling him that he was improving and to not stop drawing. There was also something else there that Georgie was unaware of. It was the woman's scent.

While the other children played hide-and-go-seek in IT's house, IT picked up the work book and inhaled the scent again. Pennywise could tell a lot about prey from its scent. The woman was young, healthy and fertile, there was no other scent mixed with hers, so she had not been with a male to breed recently. The soft flowery smell of her soap was also present, and Pennywise did not find it wholly unpleasant.

It was not long after that Georgie showed off a picture that he had drawn of his teacher. He had done it secretly during quiet reading time. He thought it was quite good and though he was not as skilled at drawing as his older brother, Georgie was very pleased at how accurate it was. It showed Ms. Kerry sitting at her desk at the front of the classroom. Head slightly to the side and a bit down. She was looking down for she had been marking work sheets.

George wanted to color it and give it to his teacher as a gift so he asked Pennywise if he would help. The clown agreed eagerly. He had very much begun to enjoy doing these little activities with the small child. IT waited as Georgie tore the sketch out of the book and handed it to him to look at. While Georgie searched for the colored pencils IT took its first look at Ms. Kerry.

She was beautiful! Pennywise knew what humans considered female

beauty, he had used it quite a few times now when he hunted. IT however, had never felt an attraction simply by looking at a human before! They had been nothing more than live stock to it for centuries. He might look at a human the way a farmer looks at a prize pig before sending it off to be butchered. But this picture, drawn by the hand of a child, was having a very disturbing affect upon IT. There was a warm light sensation in his chest. As though his deadlights wanted to fly out of this material body. It was not a completely unpleasant feeling but like the fear IT had felt before this new feeling was alien and strange. Perhaps she would be IT's *next meal*. The sudden thought of the hunt and the meal to come quickly replaced the strange fluttery feeling.

"Ew! Stop Penny! Your drooling on it!" Georgie reached out for the paper in an attempt to save it from being wrecked. Reverently Pennywise handed it back to the boy.

"Perhaps you should color it Georgie, I'm not very good at holding pencils like you are." A foul odor filled the air for a second as Georgie looked into IT's eyes. The child's fear was repulsive and Pennywise would do anything to stop the boys body from producing the chemical. He regained his composure a moment later. Blue eyes, flat teeth, and a big smile. Just a friendly lost circus clown again. The smell quickly evaporated as Georgie relaxed and began to color the picture.

When the task was finished Georgie collected his things and started to head for the door. He stopped and looked back at his strange friend sitting against the peeling wall paper. Since pennywise had seen the picture of Ms. Kerry he had gotten quiet and had simply watched as Georgie did his best to color.

"Billy is still away" Georgie said breaking the odd silence. The clown turned to look at him, Georgie could see that he had been thinking about something very hard. A drop of drool flew through the air when the clown turned his head. "Will you be there after school tomorrow to meet me?" there was silence for a moment, then Pennywise gave him a big smile.

"Of course I will! you can count on me." The clown said happily. Georgie looked over at pennywise with his serious face.

"At the school, not a few blocks from my house like the other times." Pennywise started to duck walk over to Georgie. Which made the boy lose all pretence of being serious and started to laugh and giggle uncontrollably.

"At the school, after the buses have gone. You won't leave without me, promise Georgie?" The clown asked once he was nose to nose with the boy. Georgie had no idea how his friend could balance so well on his tip toes like that and not fall backwards on his bum.

"I Promise" said Georgie. With that he left the house and the clown to his own thoughts

Pennywise watched from the storm drain as the last of the school buses pulled away. The only evidence of their passing was the strong smell of the diesel exhaust that filled the air. Once the noise had died down enough and there were far fewer minds to cloud IT willed its material form to rise and easily pass through the gap above it. Now he stood in daylight for only one person to see. Georgie's mind was open and very close by. IT waited and watched.

Pennywise could not see Georgie at first, but then the child came into view with his older brother's bike in hand. The child looked for only a moment before their minds brushed each other's, and to Georgie it would seem as though IT had appeared out of thin air. The child began to walk gingerly towards him . IT stayed perfectly still and waited for the boy to come closer. Standing this still was not something that IT did consciously, it was something IT did out of habit. The natural way that it would wait for prey.

"Hi ya Georgie" he said in his usual friendly way. Giving the child a big smile. Georgie in returned smiled right back. It amused IT to see the boy try and copy IT's facial expression. But usually it resulted in the boy just poking out his lower lip at an odd angle and his mouth becoming a snarl instead of a smile. IT didn't mind however, it found both expressions on the boy's face rather endearing.

"Ready to go?"

"Yes...Oh wait!" The boy turned around and waved calling out "Bye, Ms. Kerry!" Pennywise looked to were the boy was waving then froze.

There she was! The woman from the picture. Georgie had done a wonderful job of capturing her form on paper; However, in the flesh she was something to behold. She was not tall, or overly voluptuous. But her face and her dark eyes were captivating. Those eyes foretold of secrets hidden deep within. And for a split second when those dark pools searched for the source of the voice calling her name Pennywise thought that they focused upon IT. She shifted her gaze over to the boy and then waved. It may have been just a trick of the light but the sun seemed to come out from behind a cloud at that moment and light shone down making her very yellow dress blaze white. The final straw was when the wind picked up and IT caught the fullness of her scent. IT wanted to possess her suddenly. The deadlights within IT's form had begun to flutter in that strange but pleasing way. They felt like they wanted to fly right out of IT's form. Fly to her! Yes! But...

"Pennywise? Did you want to say goodbye to Ms. Kerry too?" IT could barely register the child's voice. The fluttering was starting to subside now that the woman had made her way into the building. This feeling was new, but part of it was very familiar to IT. The feeling of want and desire. Yes, IT knew those feelings very well. A plan began to form, and Pennywise began to think once more of the hunt and the thrill of eating.

Pennywise the clown let the boy pull him back to the plan of existence and they began to walk for the boy's home.

"You know if you had made yourself visible, I bet you Ms. Kerry would have waved to you too." Said Georgie in a friendly way. The child was all smiles and cheery conversation as they walked. Telling Pennywise about his day at school and what he wanted to do once his older brother got home. However, Georgie's body language told Pennywise that the child was starting to sense some small danger. The whole walk home the boy had kept the tall bike 'Silver' between them as a barrier. Good boy.

Before reaching the house Pennywise stopped walking.

"Georgie, you really like your new teacher, right?"

"Oh, yes. I know that she's a substitute but I hope she stays the rest of

the school year! Then I want her to teach my grade 3 class next year!"

Pennywise smiled once more at the boy, then pointed behind him. His house was there and the brown station wagon was parked in the driveway.

"Your mother is home, say hello you Bill for me" Then IT blocked itself from Georgie's mind and vanished from the child's view.

O . O

In the Neibolt house that night Pennywise had tried to make a plan. But IT could not get the human woman's image out of IT's mind. She had seemed too bright and pure; beaming in the sun. IT wanted her inside of it. IT wanted to add that bright light to IT's own lights. Her radiant blazing form orbiting IT's own true form like a sun for eternity.

Neither making music, nor attempting to draw her physical body helped. IT's could not capture the feeling that IT had had by looking at her in the flesh. After more time and the night had passing IT came to a decision.

"It's too bad that Georgie likes you so much" IT said to the picture of Ms. Kerry on the wall. IT bit it's finger and waited till the blood droplets started to float up to the ceiling. Then IT drew a large X over the face IT had so desperately tried to capture.

"What a pity"

3. Interlude

Inspired by Monster Crush AU by Mantisandthemoondragon

and Stephen King's IT

Soundtrack Please read listening to a thunderstorm there are lots of good ones on YouTube

This is a two part chapter. This first part is Barb's point of View. Next one is Pennywise. ;)

Mid November 5:00 pm

1988

"Thank you for staying to help me Mr. Denbrough" Barbra said affectionately. She and Georgie were standing inside the main doors of Derry Public School. It had been a non-stop down pour all afternoon and they were waiting for Mrs. Dendrough to drive into the parking lot and pick up her youngest son.

Georgie had volunteered to stay behind and help set up costumes and props for the next day's activity. However, finding all the items they needed had taken much longer then either Ms. Kerry or Georgie had anticipated. When Barbra had phoned Mrs. Denbrough asking if she would be able to pick up her son the woman on the other end of the line had sounded rather annoyed at being bothered at home. She did not sound neither relieved or angered about finding out that her son was still at school.

"It's too bad about the rain, you can't really go out and play with your friends" she said sadly.

"No it's not bad at all," the little boy looked up and smiled brightly "I have really good rain boots and this is the perfect weather for boat racing! Me and Pen...Ben, my brother's friend, race them in the Barrens all the time!" Ms. Kerry looked a little unnerved for a second.

"You don't go into the water down there right?" she asked, concern in her voice "You just play boats? Because I have been told that a lot of

the overflow sewer water will come out into there." She had also heard tell from the older teachers that a lot of other terrible things had been washed into the swampy scrub land called the Barrens over the years. The rain started to pelt harder, the sound becoming hypnotic and they both fell into silence.

"Well..." began Georgie.

BEEP BEEP BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

Both Ms. Kerry and Georgie jumped at the sudden sound of Mrs. Dendough's car horn.

"Bye" the little boy said happily as he ran out and disappeared into the rain. A car door slamming shut and the squeal of tires signaled that Barbra was now free of her young pupil for another day.

As Barbra walked back to her classroom suddenly a loud buzz and click filled the air and the hall lights automatically went into nighttime mode. Every 4th light was left on leaving evenly spaced islands of florescent light between the gaps of shadow. Shadows which for merely a split second would light up brighter then the sun when lightning flashed through the odd classroom window.

The lights were still on in her classroom and the last few work books which needed marking. Looking at her watch and then outside at the rain Barbra decided to finish her work and catch then next bus home in 45 min. Perhaps it would let up if she waited a little longer. She took a sip of her cold coffee, making a sour face yet still savoring the jolt of alertness it gave her, and she set to work.

After 10 minutes Barb found it hard to concentrate on what she was doing. She had gotten to George Denbrough's work book and had flipped to the days assignment. Right in the margin of the page was a very good drawing of George's imaginary clown friend. Next to it in sloppy hand, not at all like the little boys constantly improving scroll was printed "PEnnYWiSE"

"Pennywise" she breathed the name softly. Out of the corner of her left eye she could see the top of the hedge which bordered that side of the school. Out of the right, she could just see the open door of her

classroom leading to the darkened hall. Barb found herself looking up and around the room far more frequently than usual. She could not shake the feeling that she was being watched. Looking at her watch again she found that it was still 15 minutes until the bus was due.

"Screw it, it's a little rain and I won't melt" she grabbed her bag, coat and umbrella and headed to the classroom door. Had she taken one more glance about the room she would have seen the silhouette of a very tall figure holding a balloon outside the window.

Ms. Kerry was hurrying so quickly that she dropped her bag and spilled the books inside it like a clumsy student. She was so flustered by this point that Barbra did not hear the stealthily approaching footsteps.

"Can I help you?"

"OH!" she cried and looked up in fear. It was the Physical education teacher Mr. Cunningham. He was tall, muscular, and not a bad looking man. Barbra would be lying to herself if she said she had not taken a few looks at him while he was running in his track shorts. She felt her heart rate drop back to normal.

"You're here late Mr. Cunningham" she said with a relieved smile "I had a feeling I wasn't alone here in the school. I'm glad it's you."

He smiled a big white toothed smile back "It's my turn to make sure the schools all locked up and secured, I just have a few more areas to check then I'll be heading home. Say I didn't see another car outside, how are you getting home, Ms...um...I'm sorry what was your name again? Your teaching Livingston's class right?" he held out his hand to shake hers

"Ms. Kerry, Barbra Kerry" she blushed a bit as she shook his hand. It was warm, his hand a bit rough. This close to him she could smell his aftershave. Spicy and a bit overpowering with a hint of something kind of chemical underneath. "I don't own a car I was heading for the bus" she slung her bag back over her shoulder.

"In this weather? Yuck...well listen, why don't you come with me while I finish my rounds and then I will take you home?" The offer

sounded good and Barbra didn't really want to go out in the rain, but there was something bothering her about being in the school. She felt that she had to leave. The air just felt wrong. But she decided to squash the feeling and her common sense prevailed.

"That would be wonderful, thank you Mr. Cunningham" she smiled sweetly at her co-worker.

"Dilan, please."

They walked through the dark hallways occasionally passing through the Islands of light. Classrooms were locked and windows secured. Lastly, they came to the school basement. Ms. Kerry was confused then.

"Do we have to check down there too?" she inquired a bit nervously.

"Yeah there is one door down there that leads out, so we have to make sure that it's still chained" She followed him threw the door and down the dark stairs. The red emergency lights were the only illumination that they had and it made everything from the chainlike storage rooms with the boxed-up school supplies and the boiler look as though it were bathed in blood. There was an odd smell coming from somewhere as well. At the very back hidden behind some old dusty crash matts was a door with a chain and padlock.

"Where dose that door go?" Barbra asked. Dilan Cunningham took hold of the lock and gave it a good pull. The door opened a crack but the chain held fast. More of the strong foul air filled the space.

"It's a maintenance access door to the Derry sewers. If a pipe bursts on this block the city guys just have to come down through here to turn off the main" He pulled once more then sauntered back over to her. She could here the water draining from outside very loudly now, for some reason she just could not look away from the door. Through the crack she could only see darkness beyond the threshold, except for the soft orange glow of a service light.

Mr. Cunningham placed a warm heavy hand on her shoulder. Bringing her out of the daze. His hand was not gentle but claw like and hard, holding her in place.

"What are you do..hum" he placed a hand with a cloth over her mouth and nose. The strong smell was overpowering and she started to fall. Barbra was only vaguely aware that she had fallen down hard and was now being dragged along the floor. Her eyes lingered on the maintenance door and the orange service light which had somehow gotten closer to the crack. She tried to move on her own, to fight, but the cloth was put to her face again and she felt she was about to slip away into the dark.

Thunder crashed filling the room with deafening noise and the hands that were on her body suddenly were gone. The boiler must have let off steam for the air was once more filled with noise, this time it was high pitched, like a scream. Then there was just the sound of the rain water draining above, cool and soothing like the concrete floor Barbra was resting her hot face upon.

Time passed, she might have been there a few minutes or a few hours, she couldn't tell. Then the soft sound of approaching feet seemed to bring her around. She was still on the floor in the school basement she could feel some strength in her arms, enough to push herself up and collect herself. Her shirt had been removed but her bra was still in place along with the rest of her clothes. Looking up and around frantically she realized with some relief that she was alone. One thing stood out to her as she began to search for her shirt. The door to the Derry sewer was wide open and the sound which she had only slightly been aware of, the sound of walking, was getting louder. She began to scramble, she found her blouse, which had been tossed onto the crash mats and shakily began to get up.

"Hello? Is someone there?" called a young friendly voice. A tall silhouette filled the service door's frame. For a moment Barbra thought that the stranger was covered in blood, but it was only the red emergency lights. "Ms...?" the young stranger paused as if unsure what to say next. He was looking at her very strangely.

"I'm ok, I just fell and bumped my head" Barb said defensively "are you with the Derry public works?" The young man looked down at his clothes as if seeing them for the first time. They were the coveralls of the Derry public Works department.

"Yes...Public works, the water works, there is a lot of water...in the

sewer."

"Especially today" Ms. Kerry finished smiling at him, hoping it would relieve some of the unbearable tension she was feeling. She really was uncomfortable with the way this man looked at her. His eyes were going slightly walleyed.

"Yes...Lots of THingS FloATing ToDAY"

"I guess so, and I should really be going. But..." Barbra Kerry was still trying to piece together all of what had transpired, and this man, as odd as he was might be her only clue. She pushed aside her gut twisting fear and anxiety and started to feel a warm hot rage begin in her belly. She went closer to the man, looking up at him, for he towered over her slight figure.

"Did you see anyone else in there?" She asked looking back at the open door.

"No, no one, just me." he seemed to relax a bit. "Why?" He looked behind as well at the dark portal, then back down into her eyes. There was a gentle self satisfied smile on his face.

"was someone else down here with you?" Some deep shame filled her for a second. She didn't want to admit anything, not to herself, and absolutely not to a total stranger.

"No, no one." she lied, "But that door is supposed to be chained shut, right? Who opened it? It's supposed to be chained from this side and it's a health and safety risk so since you are working in this area did you see someone come through this way?"

He smiled at her showing off too many white teeth, his front two incisors looked like they belonged on a bunny rabbit. It made him look almost childlike.

"That door's not supposed to be lock, I work around here on rainy days and I need to come and go as needed" He started to raise a hand towards her face, Barb froze, her brain seemed to be screaming danger but her heart rate didn't rise nor did she feel a surge of adrenaline only numb. His finger brushed away some of her dark

hair, gently the tip of his finger grazed the skin by her eye. A moment later he stepped back breathing out a deep sigh.

"There is a large bump on the side of your head Ms." He turned and started to walk back into the darkness of the sewers.

"What's your name?" she asked quickly.

"Robert Gray" he said without looking back. "people call Bob sometimes." He started to close the door.

"Thank you, for coming by, I don't know what...might have happened. Thank you" Barbra said anxiously. He gave her another small smile and nod then the door was closed and he was gone.

Looking at her watch and cursing under her breath Barbra Kerry collected her things and headed for the stairs. In her head she felt that she should be more upset. She should be running to the head of HR or the police. But there was just something about the hypnotizing sound of the rain and the smell of the bad air mixed with dirt and a touch of copper that made her mind shift and think of other things. By the time she got to the front door of her apartment, she could not even remember why she had been so late getting to the bus stop. The one thing she took home that night was a name and face of a young man who worked for the Derry public works.

In the Cistern under Derry

The being that liked to call itself Pennywise was admiring IT's next meal. In the past IT had taken children because their fears were much easier for it to materialize in a physical form, salting the meat. Of late however IT's tastes had soured on them somewhat since being exposed to the youngest Denbrough child Georgie. Now IT was finding satisfaction and more challenge hunting for older prey. Tapping the glands in the brain to make adults experience the most exquisite fear took a bit more work, but the meal that followed was always satisfying and succulent down to the bone marrow.

IT's latest meal was currently conscience but paralyzed floating above. Derry had been IT's hunting grounds for centuries and IT would stand no other hunters in IT's home. Especially one that had chosen

someone that IT considered IT's own as prey.

IT had watched this human stalk it's prey. Felt the thrill of a hunter hunting a hunter but now the hunt was done and the feast awaited.

Dilan Cunningham came out of his nightmare at the moment a set of sharp teeth ripped into his thigh. Unable to scream or move he was keenly aware, until the moment he bled out, that he was being eaten alive.